OLD-TIME FAVORITE.

THE UNCONQUERABLE SOUL.

By William Ernest Henley.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

BETTY RAWLINS had a bank account, and a huge one at that. But Betty had a greater fortune in her face, for she was as pretty as a spring beauty, and though she was perverse and pouty when she wanted to be she was ordinarily as sweet as a violet.

Betty lived in the summer time at Lowland Glen, not many miles removed from Fort Sherman, a big garrison with enough young officers on duty to fill the ranks of a company had they been forced to drop the sword and shoulder the Krag-Jorgensen. Betty loved the military — what girl doesn't?—and if the truth be told Betty's heart was set on marrying into the soldiery, but she had made up her mind secretly that she couldn't think of looking at anything less than a colonel, and when she thought of it she sighed, for the colonels in Uncle Sam's regulars were all so dreadfully old, and Betty was only nineteen, mind you.

There was young Roy Lanyard stationed at Fort Sherman. He was mighty good looking, Betty admitted this to herself, and it wouldn't be a bit hard to love him, but Roy was only a captain, and nothing but a colonel would do. Captain Lanyard, to get into the middle of things at once, was just as desperately in love with Betty as a young soldier just old enough to know his own mind can be. He didn't care a rap about Betty's bank account; in fact, he never gave it a thought. It was just pretty Betty herself that he wanted, but he didn't dare say so.

Now Betty had another failing, not uncommon among American girls not old enough to thoroughly understand that Yankee husbands are the best in the world, and that was a firm belief that the ideal condition in married life would be that which would come from a husband who was a combination of Englishman and English army officer. "The colonels are younger over there," said Betty to herself, "and they are all of aristocratic family, and, oh, well, Englishmen are just too lovely for anything."

The summer colony at Lowland Glen was unsually large that season. There were bunches of swell doings, as the slangy Yale cousin of Betty would put it. The army officers from Fort Sherman were much in evidence, and one young captain in particular was very much in evidence in the vicinity of Miss Betty Rawlins. Betty saw the evidence clearly, and how she did wish that the President would retire some few hundreds of superior officers so that Roy Lanyard could tack the abbreviation "Col." to the front part of his name.

One day there was excitement at Lowland Glen. Mrs. Calumet had invited two Englishmen, one of them an army officer, to spend the month with them at their summer home. The news reached Betty the morning after the arrival of the Calumet's two guests. Twenty young women had told her about it. Let the girls alone for spreading news of this kind. "And Betty," said one of her informants, "one of the Englishmen is a colonel in His Majesty's service, and young and good looking at that."

Betty's heart gave a thump. "At last," she murmured to herself.

The next afternoon Betty met the Englishman at the Dexter Country Club. Her heart fluttered a little as the younger of the two men—the other was old and out of the running—was introduced to her. Colonel Reginald Southcote was his name. It fairly rang of aristocracy and militarism. Betty knew that he was a simon-pure Englishman all right enough because of his name, his accent and his clothes —which didn't fit.

For the next week Colonel Reginald Southcote was Betty Rawlin's shadow. Captain Roy Lanyard looked on and was miserable. Betty gave him two dances and about three words during the entire week.

"No show for one of Uncle Sam's poor artillerymen when there's one of King Edward's men with a drawl and a monocle about," sighed poor Captain Roy.

Colonel Reginald Southcote was not long in finding out that Betty Rawlins had a pot of money and that she adored the military. Betty asked him one day what his regiment was, and he replied promptly: "I am the colonel of the Royal Yorickshire Regiment," he said.

Betty had heard tales about Englishmen pretending to be what they were not, but the colonel looked honest enough, and the girl was half ashamed of herself when she went to a library in the city and took down a British military gazette from the shelf and looked for Royal Yorickshire Regiment. She found it all right, and the name of Reginald Southcote set down as the colonel thereof.

From that time Betty was very cordial to the colonel. She turned the conversation occasionally on the Boer war, expecting to hear some deeds of daring modestly told, but the colonel was strangely silent on the subject of field service, and Betty put it down to a brave man's reticence when it came to speaking of his own acts on the field of battle. Betty might not have liked it had she known that when she was looking up the colonel's regiment he was making inquiries in certain financial circles about the extent of her bank account. The report seemed to please him, and he proceeded to make hay while the sun shone, and it was a particularly cloudless month at Lowland Glen.

Betty knew with a girl's intuition that an offer was not far away. She felt a pang, however, every time she saw Captain Lanyard and saw how miserably he looked, though he tried to put a brave face on the matter. If the truth be told, Betty cried a little in the privacy of her room when she looked at the glorious old flag floating in the sunshine at the flagstaff peak in the fort beyond, and sighed and sighed again.

One day Lawyer Coke, who looked after Betty Rawlins' estate, heard from a close friend that a certain Englishman had been inquiring about Betty's financial standing. "Fortune hunter, if not a fraud," said old Coke to himself, and then, as luck would have it, he happened to pick up a copy of the Broad Arrow, the journal of the united services of Great Britain. Lawyer Coke looked at it. His eyes fell on a paragraph and he chuckled. He folded the paper up, put it in his pocket and took the first train for Lowland Glen. He marked the paragraph in the paper, and put it where he knew Betty would be sure to pick it up, and from the nature of the publication he knew she would be sure to read it from start to finish.

Betty Rawlins felt that the hour was coming when she would have to answer a question put to her by Colonel Reginald Southcote. She was thinking of this when she picked up the Broad Arrow. She knew what the paper was, for she had heard of it. She read it eagerly. The date of the paper was three months back. The marked paragraph caught her eye. She read this:

"General Powell-Baden inspected the Royal Yorickshire Regiment last Thursday. It was the first training day of this militia organization for a year. The men were in poor trim, and Colonel Reginald Southcote, who has seen no foreign service and very little at home, had hard work to give commands and to sit his horse properly. The regiment will need overhauling to bring it up to even militia standards."

The paper dropped from Betty's fingers. "Militiaman; never saw a day's real service; couldn't sit on his horse," and then Betty gasped. Her thoughts turned to another paragraph that she read in an American journal. It told how one Captain Roy Lanyard had received the Congressional medal of honor for personal gallantry in the saving of the life of a comrade under fierce fire in the Philippine Islands.

Betty knew that night at the ball at the hotel that Colonel Reginald Southcote was seeking her out, but she avoided him. Captain Roy Lanyard met her and she smiled on him, and there was a look in her eyes that made the young soldier's heart leap. "Won't you go for a walk with me?" he said.

"Yes," she answered softly.

As they passed down the hotel steps the moonlight fell full upon them, and Lawyer Coke, who was standing on the veranda, smiled, and, being a bit of a wag, he turned to a friend who had been watching the course of events for a month past and said:

"Alas, poor Yorickshire!" — Edward B. Clark, in Chicago Record-Herald.

At the Gun Counter.

A seedy looking customer, with an Arkansas mustache, a Wild West beard of three days' growth and an Indian Territory look in his eye, was buying a six-shooter in an up-town firearm store.

"This one is $4.75," said the clerk, "and it's a good gun for the money."

"Can't you come down a little or that?" queried the buyer, looking up under his shaggy eyebrows and rusty sombrero. Being answered in the negative, he paid the price, thrust the gun loosely into his trousers pocket, got a supply of cartridges and went out.

"I don't care what he does with that gun," carelessly remarked the clerk "but I know very well he has no intention of suicide. He wouldn't have cared anything about the price, if he had. He says he boards on the Bowery; place is tough looking, but the best he can afford, and he wants the gun to protect himself. I'm quite sure, anyway, there's no idea of suicide running through his head. Folks of that sort are easy to pick out. They have an eager, excited manner that gives them away, and they are mostly women, too. I refused to sell a gun to one only the other day. Oh, there's not so very many of them, but it's dead easy to know them when one has had a little experience."—New York Press.

Inroads of the Sea.

The facts of the inroads of the sea upon the British Isles, which are recited in Revue Scientifique, are of interest to all coast-dwellers. Between Ribble and Dee the walls of a castle that only fifty years ago stood 800 yards from the sea are now washed by the waves. Near Land's End a whole region of 227 square miles has disappeared with more than a hundred towns and villages. Since the time of Edward I. the area of the Dutchy of Cornwall has been reduced by 600,000 hectars. At Selsea, Sussex, ships now cast anchor along a line that is called "the park." History tells us that here where deep water now is, there was formerly a park for deer. At Bexhill-on-Sea a submerged forest is visible at low tide. In Suffolk and Yorkshire many towns have been overwhelmed in comparatively recent times. Four hundred houses were carried away in a single year at Dunwich. In 1339 Henry IV. disembarked at the port of Ravensburgh, but since 1538 Ravensburgh is no more. The thirty-three years from 1867 to 1900 were marked by the reduction of the area of Great Britain from 56,964,260 to 56,782,053 acres. In a third of a century the loss has been 182,207 acres.

Moderation in Exercise.

Exercise which is well within the powers of the body is salutary for all and probably necessary for some, but exercise by which these powers are overstrained is too often not only the precursor but quite unmistakably the cause of serious illness or of bodily or mental failure. "Why," inquired Saladin, "should the weak display his inferiority in the presence of the strong?" The question is as pertinent in our day as it was in that on which it was uttered.—London Hospital.

A LANGUAGE OF FLAME

Signals Exchanged by Luminous Insects and Fishes of the South.

THE trainman who at night swings his lighted lantern high in air, sending a definite message to the engineer several hundred yards away; the keeper of a lighthouse on a dangerous shore; the man who flashes from ship to ship or from ship to land a beam of light, all afford interesting examples of the adaptation by man of a remarkable signal language possessed and employed by many animals that are voiceless or without other means of communication. That this language will ever be translated or perfectly understood is very doubtful, but the fact that it is a language is sufficiently remarkable to those familiar with it and who have watched the marvelous signals flashed across field and pasture in the lands where the lightgivers live.

That light is a signal the doubter can easily determine by taking one of the large beetles so common in the South and holding it up to an open window at night, when the signal will be answered by some free lightgiver, who responds to the call and hovers about with brilliant illumination. Recently the writer watched the brilliant luminous beetles in Texas. As night came on and the darkness became more intense, flashes of light appeared here and there, like diamonds against a black sky, then as meteors flashing across the field of vision, followed by others, until a veritable rain of fire appeared as a swarm of lightgivers darted in a given direction. It occurred to some one to capture one of these lightgivers, and, as previously described, expose it before an open window, as one would hold a lantern. It was not long before the signal was answered; another lightgiver from out of the darkness flew toward it, demonstrating beyond question that the insect had signaled and had been answered.

The nature of these signals or flashlights is not well understood, but in variety, color, and power they are remarkable. There are over fourteen different species of Lampyrus which possess this language of light, found in the Southern States, on the Islands of Cuba, Jamaica and Santo Domingo, especially the latter, in all their beauty. Some appear to give a permanent light; in others, it is fitful, all phases of change being observed. In these insects the light is situated in the last segments, and it is so powerful that when it is "turned on" at "full pressure," the entire surface appears to be illumined, a blaze of light. The lights differ in color. One beetle flashes a gleam of rich orange when flying, but under artificial light it appears to be yellow. This is not constant, but intermittent like the flash of a lighthouse. In one known as Photuris versicolor the light is a remarkable imitation of some lighthouses.

It appears as a minute spot, increasing gradually in volume and beauty, until it bursts forth in all its splendor to gradually fade away and disappear, being entirely under the control of the insect. This light is a brilliant green, and that it conveys some meaning is well shown by experiments, in which the light was responded to by other individuals. It might be assumed that the lights are possessed by the male alone, but such is not the case, both sexes having them. In some the light-emitting organs are larger in the male than in the female. Thus in the one known as Photinus the light appears to cover all the lower or ventral segments, from the fourth to fifth inclusive. In the one known as Lampyre the light in the female appears to be steady, while in the male it is variable, and at its full development a splendid brilliant green light.

The larva or imperfect form of some of these insects is remarkable for its lights, one having three—one upon the head, one at the tail, and the third at the base of the head and prothorax—so that from any position the little creature could exhibit its signal. There is also a difference in the time of exposure, suggesting the heliograph which flashes its signals. An observer counted the flashes of Luciola and found that there were thirty-six a minute, each flash lasting about one-fourth of a second.

The insect collectors of Vera Cruz understand so well that the lights are signals that they employ light to capture the beetles. A burning coal is fastened to the end of a long stick, which they wave to and fro, in a short time attracting the fire flies, which are easily caught in a hand net. The largest of these lightgivers is Pyrophorus, and those observed by the writer emitted a wonderful green light, so vivid that by holding it close to printed matter the latter could be read. The signals or lights are yellow spots just back of the eyes, while another light gleams from the first abdominal segment. Even the eggs of this insect are luminous, emitting a bluish light. That the light has a definite meaning as a sign language of nature is shown by its almost universal presence among a large number of animals which cannot utter sounds. A certain centipede, often caught by the writer, has a light at its head and one at the tail which gleam like emeralds. The insect is almost invisible to the naked eye, yet so brilliant is the light emitted by several that the writer would almost think that the grass where they lie was afire.

Among the crabs lights are very common. In some the light pervades the entire body; again, it is confined to the eyes or the legs or a certain segment. The little Cyclops and Idotea are instances. In another the yellow green light is in the eye, the animal seeing and signaling with these organs. One of the starfish is a blaze of light, literally a fiery star; not constant, but steady from one portion to the other, seemingly at will, until the active animal blazes out as a star of fire. Peering down into the sea, the observer sometimes becomes witness to the signals of various animals. The writer was floating on the Bay of Avalon one night looking down into the water when he observed a light the size of a ten-cent piece directly beneath. Gradually it increased in size until it became in a short time as large as a dinner plate, when it remained for a moment or two a striking object, then gradually diminishing to the original dimensions; it rose from the bottom to the surface, where it soon began to move about in a sinuous course, the light so intense that it resembled a coal of fire, throwing off phosphorescence or luminous matter which formed a train several inches behind it, soon apparently attracting others, which pursued it. The water was intensely dark and dotted with these lights, which appeared to be chasing each other on the surface.

This living light was a minute worm almost invisible to the naked eye. The worms are noted for their strange lights. In some the light emitting organs are the feet, and several worms have lights of different colors. One of the fishes has two lights upon its head, one green, the other yellow, and that these strange beams do not have a special meaning or significance in the life of these creatures it is difficult to imagine.

Nearly all the marine animals are more or less phosphorescent. Wave the hand through the water at night and a blaze of light appears. The surf is a mass of light as far as the eye can see, and the writer has witnessed the sand so filled with luminosity that every footstep left a fiery imprint, or scraping the sand around it aroused such a blaze of phosphorescence that print could almost be read by it.

The jellyfishes flash myriad rays of light to their comrades in the sea. The delicate Calpae in red, blue and yellow tints blaze their way along, while the large Pyrosoma is a veritable column of light, each member of the community contributing a gleam the concentration of which produces one of the most remarkable displays of light in the animal kingdom; a signal that penetrates far through the blue depths of the ocean, burdened with its unknown meaning.—New York Times.

TELLING STORIES.

Peculiar Occupation of Residents of Jewish District on East Side.

In New York there are at least three people who earn their bread and butter by telling stories. They live in the Jewish district in the teeming east side, where they are known as marshalliks, or jesters. Their services are especially in request in Hebrew circles when there is a birth, a marriage or a confirmation at the synagogue. On such eventful occasions the teller of tales is all conspicuous by his pleasantry and entertaining ability. He takes what he can get in the way of remuneration, which varies according to the wealth of his audience. On some occasions he will manage to collect as much as $5, and on others not more than fifty cents for an hour or more's entertaining.

The profession of the marshallik is threefold in character. He can tell a first-rate story, sing a good song and compose verses and put them to melody to suit the particular festivity at which he presents himself. Dancing, however, is not one of his accomplishments. During a Hebrew marriage feast he will enter on his own invitation. On such occasions he is always welcome, and will be asked by either the bride or bridegroom to entertain the guests present.

His favorite instrument may be a cornet, harp or violin. Being a Jewish audience he will play on his particular instrument the weird old Hebrew melodies so beloved by his co-religionists, and conclude by adding some congratulatory rhymes and mottoes suitable for the occasion, not a few of his often clever sayings being created on the spur of the moment. Story telling, however, is his forte, and his allegories are listened to with the greatest interest by the assembled guests. The story he recites is usually of the fairy tale nature—of the traditional couple, for instance, who wedded under Oriental skies and lived in peace and happiness thereafter, adding at the same time some apt reference to the newly married couple sitting before him, and so keep in touch with the sympathetic side of his listeners.

When finished telling the story the wandering entertainer proceeds to pass around his hat, which soon becomes weighty with the pennies, nickels and dimes poured into it, every one in the room contributing something. After the collection the marshallik will invariably be asked to tell another story, or sing a song, and at its conclusion he is sure of an invitation to share in the wedding feast. Following the repast he will give a farewell song, after which he takes his leave and proceeds to some other house in the neighborhood where he knows a festivity of a like nature is in progress.—New York Times.

The Old Circus Man.

Every one who ever saw a country circus remembers the stout gentleman with the high silk hat and the diamond stud who was forever dashing about the circus grounds in a top-buggy, says Collier's Weekly. He belonged to a type now almost extinct, and his title has passed away in this day of specialists. He was not a manager or an impresario or a theatrical magnate—he was a "showman," and his trade was the "show business." For nearly half the year he followed the white tents. Every morning he was up at break of day, harnessed his own horse, had the tents pitched, the ring made, and saw that the horses were groomed and the cages cleaned for the morning street parade. Incidentally, he usually had a wrangle with the mayor over the price he was to pay for the license, and quelled several riots between the town toughs and his own tentmen. He knew their quarrels and their love affairs, and he was of necessity mixed up in all of them. If we except the grand opera singers there is no class so difficult to handle as circus people. They lead a life of their own apart from the rest of the world, and it is a life ever full of variety, excitement, dramatic incident and real human interest.

Foreigners in France.

A French paper publishes some interesting statistics as to the number of foreigners in France. It appears that there are 485,760 Belgians; 298,420 Italians, 87,000 Germans, 14,200 Austrians, 17,200 Russians, 42,700 English, 17,200 Americans and about 100,000 Spaniards and Portuguese.

President Roosevelt's Summer Home.

WHEN the President returned to his summer home at Oyster Bay, L. I., the townspeople greeted him with enthusiastic ceremony. The younger children, with their usual horde of pets, went to Oyster Bay several weeks before the President's arrival. The improvements at Sagamore Hill, as the Roosevelt estate is called, have been without pretensions from an architectural standpoint, but merely designed to extend the capacity of the quarters for guests and servants, so that the hospitality of the Roosevelt home may be even broader than before. The President's estate comprises ninety-seven acres, of which more than thirty are heavily wooded. A vegetable garden occupies two acres, and fifteen acres are given up to lawn. The house is a rambling frame structure, with immense rooms and a great portico. The library is one of the features of the house, but the vast collection of books overflows into other apartments.

SAGAMORE HILL, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S SUMMER HOME AT OYSTER BAY., L. I.

Last summer the Presidential offices were located in the Oyster Bay Bank building, but the bank building is too small to accommodate the larger staff of workers necessary this year.

Of course it is highly essential that the Presidential offices shall have at all times perfect facilities for prompt communication with Washington and special telegraph and telephone wires will connect the Oyster Bay offices and the White House, and in this way "long distance Cabinet meetings" will be conducted.

The postoffice at Oyster Bay becomes during the time that the President spends at his country seat the busiest and most important office of its size in the United States. Extra employes are required to handle the Presidential mail, which frequently exceeds a thousand letters a day.

To realize how much Oyster Bay thinks of President Roosevelt one must have seen the village at the head of one of the most beautiful of Long Island indentations. It is a sleepy little place, dignified with age, self-satisfied in the beauty of its surroundings, peculiar not alone in its octagonal hotel. The older villagers always knew that something, they knew not what, was going to happen to Oyster Bay. It started to happen when Colonel Roosevelt became Governor, but he was almost within the White House before Dyster Bay awoke to the opportunity.

The town has grown wonderfully in the last two years. Five business blocks of brick have gone up, and one is building. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows have a new hall, with the three links done in red, white and blue on the front.

Then there is the building which for two months this summer will be the virtual capital of the United States. For executive offices the President has secured the entire second floor and it is now being fitted up for him. The blinds are already hung and the man who bought them must have been color blind. No sky ever showed a brighter, more noisy blue than those blinds. The building is the Moore Block, on one of the four corners about which Oyster Bay life throbs. It is owned by the man who keeps the grocery on the street floor.

VIRTUAL CAPITOL OF THE UNITED STATES THIS SUMMER. President Roosevelt has his executive offices over this Oyster Bay grocery store.

A German scientist who has spent eight years in Patagonia says that Patagonians will soon be extinct.

Legal steps are not necessarily those leading to a court room.

AN ADJUSTABLE TABLE.

A Convenience For Writing and Storing Papers.

A very pleasing piece of furniture is this adjustable table in green ash This green ash is simply fetching as a

THE ADJUSTABLE TABLE.

bit of summer furnishing, especially where the other pieces are done in the same lovely and cool-looking finish Naturally they show to the most delightful advantage when placed in a room papered in one of the lovely foliage effects—can you think of anything cooler-looking than wind-agitated greenery on a pearl-gray background?

This particular table is thirty inches in length. The top is adjustable and may be set at various angles by those who do not like a flat surface to read or write on, and the folding wings are designed to hold magazines and the like, and may be adjusted to any degree of roominess.

Mica Veils For Automobilists.

Numerous objections having been registered by automobilists against goggles, an enterprising inventor has

MICA VEILS FOR AUTOMOBILISTS.

placed on the market mica veils, which are claimed to be much more comfortable, besides affording more protection to the face and a better view of the road and country. It is attached to the visor of the cap and a clamp fitting the nose prevents the veil from coming in contact with the face. The illustration is produced from Automobile Topics.

The Suicidal Mania.

The rate of suicides per 1,000,000 in London is ninety-five; in Brussels, Berlin, Stockholm and St. Petersburg 300, and in Paris and Vienna 400.

The Voice of Experience.

The breakers at the seashore are not always those that dash on the beach.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Flower growers in the South of France and other favored climes find it profitable to send the products of their skill to British markets.

HELEN'S JAPANESE DOLL.

Japan is where my doll was made,
The one with squinty eyes,
Who always seems to look at me
And say, in odd surprise:

"Oh, what a funny girl you are,
With cheeks all pink and red,
And what an ugly hat you wear
Upon your curly head.

"And my, what silly shoes you have
Upon your clumsy feet;
No wonder that you get so tired,
When walking on the street.

"Ho, ho, what foolish frocks you wear,
Uncomfortable and tight,
How very glad you ought to feel
When you undress at night.

"Why don't you be a Japanese,
And dress in robes like me?
I never wear a thing that's tight;
Just look at me and see.

"The things I eat are lovely, too;
So dainty and so nice;
There's nothing I like more than tea
Except a bowl of rice.

"Japan, the place where I was born,
Is full of flowers, too;
Some day I hope you'll visit there
And take me back with you."
—Washington Star.

FLASHES OF FUN.

She—"Do you recall the day we were married?" He—"I wish to gracious I could!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Willie fell in the molasses
Barrel, in the shed.
"Now I'll lick you, Willie,"
His angry mother said.
—Cornell Widow.

"Why, what's the matter, Bridget?" "Your huband says, ma'am, my cooking reminds him too much of yours."—Life.

"I hear that Jones has a fad for collecting antiques." "Yes, he tries to collect old bills that people owe him."—Baltimore Herald.

She—"He can't bear to have girls get ahead of him." He—"Then why doesn't he stop running after them?"—Harvard Lampoon.

"He's either very rich or very poor." "How do you know?" "He always makes people wait a long time for their money."—Chicago Post.

The hotel patron said—
And he was right, indeed—
"You never will be fed
Unless the waiter's feed."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Dorothy—"But you are sure he is well connected?" Dolly—"Positively. He told me himself that the majority of his relatives wouldn't notice him."—Judge.

Visitor—"You don't mean to say that these luxuriously fitted up apartments are cells?" Warden—"Yes; they are reserved exclusively for our wealthy automobile prisoners."—Judge.

Little Gladys when asked her parents' nationality replied: "Papa is Scotch and mamma is German, but I don't know what they were before they were married."—Little Chronicle.

"They say your brother Will has joined a suicide club." "Oh, no; that's mistake. I suppose the absurd rumor grew out of the fact that he has just bought an automobile."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mother—"Does that young lady you intend to marry know anything about housekeeping?" Son—"Not a thing. I'll be the happiest man alive. I don't believe she'll clean house once in ten years."—New York Weekly.

Wife—"Before we were married you pretended that you liked to have me sit on your knee." Husband—"Well, you were a pretty good pretender yourself. You pretended that you preferred to sit on a chair."—Chicago News.

"I am a self-made man," said the proud individual. "Well, you are all right except as to your head," commented the other part of the conversation. "How's that?" "The part you talk with is out of proportion to the part you think with."—San Francisco Wasp.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Necessity keeps a man from getting rusty.

He who never seeks his opportunity will never find it.

In order to be sure you are right you must go ahead and find out.

Men love to hear of their power, but dislike to be reminded of their duty.

In after years it makes a man feel sad when he thinks how fresh he used to be.

When a woman nudges you with her elbow it is equivalent to saying "I told you so."

When you hear a man complain because there is "nothing doing" the chances are that he's fond of doing nothing.

Some people waste all their sympathy on others instead of reserving a few doses for their own trials and tribulations.—Chicago News.

Curious Facts About Eggs.

It is rather curious to know just how much pressure an egg will stand. The following tests, given in a scientific journal, may surprise readers. Eight ordinary hens' eggs were found only to give way under a pressure applied all round of between 400 and 675 pounds on the square inch of surface. When the tests were applied internally to twelve eggs they yielded at pressures of thirty-two pounds to sixty-five pounds per square inch. The pressure required merely to crush the eggs was between forty pounds and seventy-five pounds per square inch. The average thickness of the shells was thirteen-thousandths of an inch.—Chicago Journal.

Where School Girls Work Hard.

American girls sometimes grumble that their school work is too hard. They ought to be thankful that they don't live in Germany. In that country education is a matter of absolute compulsion from the age of six. Work is carried on at the fullest stretch, and a mother cannot keep a delicate or ailing girl at home without a doctor's certificate.—New York Press.

Don't Know Too Much.

There is nothing else a man so much needs as the ability to "make up his mind." Men who have crowded their minds have a great difficulty in "making them up," and indecision is the fatal consequence. He who knows a little and knows how to apply it is more fortunate than those with a superior culture which paralyzes their action.—Boston Globe.